

A Match Made In Sunnydale (Part 1)

by Victor

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>
 Before I get into this I just want to clear up that there are no spoilers here.

> This is purely my imagination at work. I'm not trying to offend anyone, prove
 any point, or make any grand statements. I'll apologize in advance for any > incorrect usage of British slang.
 Also, I've been pretty minimal in describing Willow and Spike's actions on > purpose. This way you can imagine what they're doing instead of me telling you.
 And this isn't all of it. If there's an interest, I'll post more as I write it.

> And lastly -- I know this isn't a fanfic site (which is probably where this should
 be posted), but I feel like more of the opinions I care about will be given

> through here. Thanks for reading.

> Spike is standing in Willow's room staring out the window. He's just outside of
 the direct sunlight coming in and the curtain has been pulled aside to reveal the

> cross. He hears soft footsteps in the hall and turns as Willow enters carrying a
 tray with a coffee cup of blood and a few airline size bottles of alcohol on it.

> She sets it on her desk and he steps away from the window.
 S: "Not exactly the most Jewish of religious icons, is it?" he says gesturing to

> the cross.
 W: "We weren't entirely sure a Star of David would work."

> Spike takes a sip from the mug. "Work for what?"
 W: "For keeping An...an un-invitation ritual."

> S: "Ah. Don't say the 'A' word around Spike. He hates that."
 W: "Well don't you?"

> S: "It's all in the past. Old hat."
 W: "Oh yeah. And you're so

not one to hold a grudge, are you?"

> S: "Now that's just...okay -- you're right. I can be rather single minded, I
 suppose. But really, d'you think I'm gonna go all berzerk just because someone

> says his name?"
 W: "Angel."

> S: "ALRIGHT! That's enough of that! No need to rub it in." He drinks the
 remaining blood and wipes his mouth with the back of his hand. "Um...thanks. For

> that. You know, heatin' it and all."
 W: "Well that's a first."

> S: "What is?"
 W: "A 'Thank you' from you. Just a little...unusual."

> S: "Am I ever going to get out of this obnoxious, pain in the arse mold I've been
 mashed into?"

> She gives him an 'Oh, please' look.
 S: "Yeah, yeah, yeah. Right again. Two points for the witch. I'm just set in my ways is all. Now I've got to have people - actual people - around to bloody feed
 me. Don't get me wrong, I think deep down somewhere I'm probably quite

> grateful, but ugh...this whole thing just reeks."
 W: "I'll take that as a recinding of the thanks. Why is doing everything > yourself such a picnic anyway? I like asking for help. I mean, to me it just
 means I'm learning something new. It's not something to get upset over."

> S: "Would you ask me for help?"
 W: "Sure."

> S: "Would you askme for help if I was still able to kill you?"
 W: "Oh."

> S: "Not bloody likely. You see where I'm comin' from now? This is humiliating.
 I'm tied to chairs, chained in bathtubs, made to drink bugger knows how old

> pig's blood through a straw from a sodding novelty mug. I just don't know how
 much more I can take."

> W: "I'm sorry. Are those ropes too tight for you?"
 S: "Huh? Oh, damn. You're just doing that 'cause you know I'm helpless."

> W: "That's right. My favorite game lately is 'Let's tease the psycho bad guy
 while he's free to roam around in my house'. I just can't get enough of it."

> S: "You're doing it again."
 W: "Because you're being stubborn. And whiny. I guess I can sort of

> understand the stubborn part...but not the complaining. It's not like you're still
 locked in a cage, you know."

> S: "Leave it to you to make your point with logic and reason. At least Buffy
 might threaten me or smack me around a little."

> W: "I can call her."
 S: "Ehh. Why bother? You'll just torment me with common sense until she gets

> here."
 W: "You can't be nice for two minutes can you? Every time somebody shows

> you a little compassion, you turn into a poophead. You must really hate us. I
 mean, all we've done is kept you alive. No...wait. We've kept you alive and

> comfortable. We let you walk around, watch tv, eat our food that you don't
 need, badger us with your take on everything, and...and...okay I'm running out of

> bad things you do these days, but you know they're there."
 S: "You're rather fetching when you're angry."

> W: "Well I think you can just...what?"
 S: "You heard me."

> W: "No. I'm not sure I did."
 S: "Why'd you bring me here anyway?"

> W: "Giles, Xander, and Buffy all had stuff to do and they didn't want to leave
 you alone."

> S: "But why am I here? In your house. Why didn't you come to where I was?"
W: "I guess I didn't really think about doing it that way."
> S: "So you volunteered for this? That's quite touching."
W: "See? There you go again."
> S: "No. Really. I mean it. None of the others would have done that would they?"
Come to think of it, they wouldn't have brought me anything to eat without me
> asking first, either. Why are you being so nice to me? What d'you want?"
W: "Why do I have to want something? Can't I just be nice?"
> S: "Sure. But to me? Come on."
W: "No, you come on. What would I want from you?"
> S: "Point taken." He takes a couple of bottles from the tray. "You want one?"
Willow shakes her head. "You go ahead."
> Spike puts them back on the tray. "It's no fun drinkin' alone.
Unless you're already drunk. Or in deep physical pain. Maybe when you're torturing someone.
> Because then you aren't really alone are you? And I might be makin' the other bloke swallow poison, but at least he's drinkin' you know?"
> W: "Sure. No. Not really."
S: "That's okay. Can't quite see you as the torturing type anyway."
> W: "Um...thanks?"

End
file.